

could keep me there a year.
Drunk enough I convert it
to pesos and hours in the sun.
But I can't get past the border.
During February vacation I cross
alone at midnight and get
gypped by the cab driver who hands
me the wrong change in the dark,
disappointed I don't want Boys' Town.
In the only restaurant open I eat
cabrito and hear a guitar. A small
boy plays, his mother sings. I
tell the waitress, "Mas cerveza,
por favor" and know I'll
be back the next night.
This time I let the driver
take me where he wants.
A cowboy from Del Rio
tells me not to fear
the clap. Ten years
he has come here safely.
Whores who've traveled up the roads
I wish to follow down
tell me I've grown old and weak
and mock my need.

CUNT IS JUST ANOTHER FOREIGN COUNTRY

I toss the word "vagina" around my head.
It makes me think of Argentina.
They're equally distant.
It's been so long there was a woman
I could imagine naked
and imagine it could
happen.

I stare at them
in travelogues;
flat bellies and
breasts nearly
exposed to the nipple.
\$700 and they will
be waiting in Montego Bay.

There are whores
somewhere for the hungry
like me.
I could come quick,

pay \$20 and be free
to watch the 11 o'clock news,
noting the weather report and
basketball scores.

I'm not greedy
just honest
with all my mirrors.

-- Kevin Sweeney

Portland ME

PIECE OF ASS

I told her I couldn't
write a poem about every
guy that fell in love with
her; even my jealousy has
its limits. She told me it
wasn't a question of falling

in love -- all these guys
want, she said, is a piece
of ass. Stroking my beard,

I replied, in my worldly-
wise way, that perhaps to
these guys love is a piece

of ass. Thinking back on
our conversation, I've
decided to expand the

boundaries of my envy
just enough to accommodate
this poem.

MIDDLES

There's something about this
day that will not allow me
to begin or complete a single

poem. I've got seven pages of
"middles" and little else, but
the general observation that it's